

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Bis Vs. RIP"

(feat. RIP The Jacker)

*[Rip]*

Yo, you fuckin' hate me, you fuckin' lock me in the basement  
And you still want me to protect you - it doesn't make since  
Can-I-Bitch. I supported you like a weight bench  
Without me you're defenseless you better face it  
You ain't show me love when you was at your apex  
Getting paychecks up at the radio with DMX and Flex  
Catching wreck while Noreaga was catching his breath  
I had to keep the situation in check  
Look at the vericose veins in my neck, Jermaine is the best  
The industry fucked you, I'm just paying 'em back  
What's the matter with slayin' jackers? That's all I've been doin'  
Besides talkin' shit I ain't done nothin' to 'em  
They just mad cuz when I see 'em I don't run up to 'em  
Between me and you, yo you know I run right through 'em

*[Bis]*

Calm down

*[Rip]*

Who you telling to calm down nigga, I'm a ripper remember?  
I told you not to do "Gone Til November."  
But you wouldn't listen. I always had your best interests in mind  
I wrote all your best lyrical lines  
If it wasn't for me you'd be writin' pitiful lines  
On stage if you was tired, I was spittin' sometimes  
Nobody knew you bit off my rhymes  
I would just be quiet, stand to the side and let that shit ride  
But I'm getting tired of having to remind you Bis  
If it wasn't for me nobody would've signed you Bis

*[Bis]*

What?! Man, why you trippin', you know it's a crazy business  
You a lying ass bitch and you know it  
Group Home was part my company, I co-owned it  
If its one thing I learned in show biz  
Stay focused and don't quit Rip  
Why you talkin' 'bout old shit?

*[Rip]*

Germaine, you fuckin' water brain  
Don't you understand, fuck the mainstream  
You should just call out names  
The industry's all about game  
I shit on 'em all the same  
And I leave spit stains on their brain

Like liquid chocolate spilling over their new white trainers  
Insane is an understatement, I'm Satan  
Canibus is amazing, I don't know what the fuck Germain is  
I just know that both of y'all are trying my patience  
I don't give a fuck about a beat, I've been rhyming for ages  
Rippers are dangerous. All jackers are afraid of us  
You wanna face me Bis? Kick a rhyme!

*[Bis]*

That's ridiculous

*[Rip]*

A'ight then, listen to mine  
I jump in a costume impromptu just to rob you  
Put the nozzle to your eye ball and tell you what not to do  
Rip your tonsils out through your nostrils  
Bury you next to shark fossils  
Make it impossible to find you  
Depths that Jacques Cousteau himself wouldn't dare to dive to  
With goggles, oxygen bottles and Doppler effect modules  
Lock you in a time capsule, smash the console  
Shit on you in reverse and suck you in a brown hole  
Suck the power out of your soul  
You're nothing but a coward in the cold freezer with a hour to go  
Watching my Casio stop watch, counting it slow  
Like drug lords checking to see if it's talcum or coke  
I can kill you by drowning the globe  
Or I can just spit inside of a hole and put an ounce in your throat  
In battles I'm a thousand to no. I silenced the Pope  
Do you know how many rhymes I've economically grossed?  
No? I thought so  
Neither do I  
It's a dick between your mother's thighs divided by pi  
I'm the sickest linguistically, illicit lyrical misfit, in the business  
And probably in existence. What's your consensus?  
Study my own syntax statistics since '96  
With CPA certified assistance  
I made a decision that my standards are above precision  
The only thing I can honestly say I love more than women  
Are dope writtens. If it ain't dope then don't spit it  
Don't be sensitive and get on the defensive  
Just practice your penmanship  
If you can't spit at high temperatures then just quit  
Be careful of the tongue it tends to bend to the left  
According to manufacture's specs you'll make a mess  
And rupture the blood vessels in your neck fucking with Rip  
Got millions of blueprints on zip disk  
Stock versions of sick verses that come with conversion kits  
With a course every Thursday that teaches you how to burst like Rip  
You never experienced work like this, Bitch!  
Welcome to the serpentine world where I spit  
The world where I twist, the world that I rip, the world where I live

[Bis]

Okay Rip you made your point, I can't out-rap you  
You said you was the illest, I would never doubt that too  
A lot of these rappers is jealous that's why they attack you  
They think you the best, that's why they wanna battle you  
At the moment of truth I let you design the tattoos  
You are the illest alive. That's a fact that you proved  
Just a couple rappers don't want it to happen for you  
Raggin' on you like battling is all you can do  
You didn't sell enough units to be honest with you  
Nobody knows the truth, you got talent out the gazoo  
When niggas first heard you it was like "Man on the Moon"  
You got dissed by a legend but you damaged him too  
So what if the ladies think he's more handsome than you  
What happens if the rumors about being a faggot are true?  
Look what it's running into  
I don't feel like having this discussion with you  
I'm tired of fucking with you  
Niggas in the game don't wanna do nothing with you  
Bussin' with you. Going one on one with who?  
They wanna get rid of you. Shit is too lyrical  
Headhunters out to get you. That's why I had to protect you  
I wouldn't disrespect you as another intellectual  
Without you I'm unsuccessful  
God bless you  
What makes you think I left you or why I'd ever be tempted to?  
Ever since my third album I've been mentioning you  
I got your name on my arm, I'm representing you  
You Rip the Jacker. I would never question you  
I respect your opinion as a professional nigga  
I just want you to listen to what I'm telling you  
What happened between L and you, forget it  
People know you won the battle, they will give you the credit  
A lot of people don't want to admit it  
But I consider it a real privilege  
To bear witness to your lyrics and be involved in sharing the merits  
I'm forever indebted  
I just need you to chill for a second so I can send a positive message  
Like Tupac before he left us  
The author of the work ethic Genesis  
Has inspired me to write the ExeBis scripts  
As a constant reminder not to forget Bis  
But I've reached a precipice  
Remember Rip  
You can't rhyme forever, there's always somebody with better shit  
I keep you out the public eye for a reason  
You're a commodity Rip. Ain't that how you wanna keep it?  
I keep your whereabouts secret  
I bring bitches to the crib every weekend so why is you beefin'?

[Rip]

Ayo, stop patronizing me  
You despise me

All you wanna do is steal rhymes from me  
You constantly keep me behind walls of concrete  
Lock me in the basement like a fuckin zombie  
If I was a priority  
You'd acknowledge me  
You ain't shit neither, you ain't got no college degree  
You can't rhyme without me  
Stop smiling at me  
Give me the keys to the garage, I need to borrow the Jeep  
Get the fuck out my face Bis!